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commonweal

Fiftieth Anniversary Year

REPORTS FROM:
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ABIGAIL McCARTHY LA DIFFERENCE AMERICAINE
LINDA KUEHL LIEBLING IV, A DEMAND FOR [MORE]
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. MARXISM
KENNETH S. DAVIS THE WORLDS OF HARRY TRUMAN
ELLIOTT WRIGHT CHARLES DAVIS' TEMPTATIONS
WALTER A. MILLER, JR. KLISE'S LAST WESTERN
CORRESPONDENCE: HEMINGWAY, GERMANY, McLAUGHLIN, VIETNAM, AFFIRMATIVE HIRINGS, ABORTION, NOBILE

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NEWS & VIEWS

Having One's Cake

For Chancery offices, the blessed thing about a diocesan newspaper remains its built-in ambiguity. With it, Chancery can have the paper's contents either way: as official statement or unofficial muttering. A classic instance involves New York and Newark and the matter of homosexual civil rights.

When *The Catholic News*, serving the Archdiocese of New York, published its editorial excoriating a City Council bill aimed at protecting those civil rights, the *New York Times* ran a story under a headline equating editorial and archdiocese: "Archdiocese Asks City Council/ To Defeat Bill on Homosexuals."

There was no complaint from Chancery . . . no clarification of the difference between an editorial in the diocesan newspaper and a pronouncement from Chancery. But, of course, the editorial coincided with Chancery's thought (probably Chancery even originated the editorial); naturally, therefore, it was official.

When *The Advocate*, serving the Archdiocese of Newark, published an editorial taking a directly opposite point of view, the *New York Times*' procedure was the same: another news story under a headline similarly equating editorial and archdiocese—"A Diocese Backs Homosexual Bill."

This time, however, a different set of rules were operative. The editorial was not only not official; it was to be repudiated. From Auxiliary Bishop Joseph Costello, on behalf of the archdiocese, came a quick clarification: *The Advocate* does not "express official archdiocesan policy. . . . The Archdiocese of Newark is not opposed to the position on this matter taken by the Archdiocese of New York" . . . etc.

Bishop Costello was technically correct, to be sure. Editorials in the diocesan newspaper are not solemn expostulations of diocesan position (except when Chancery so wishes to regard them). The *New York Times* carried the Newark Chancery's clarification in its "Correction" box for May 22. But the public was left to marvel once again at the Catholic phenomenon by which what is official in one situation can be most unofficial in another.

If that paradox did not strain understanding, then there was the response of *Advocate* managing editor Joseph Thomas to Chancery's downgrading of his paper's editorial.

The New York Archdiocese opposed the homosexual civil rights bill on the proposition that "there will be no effective way to decline to welcome into two-family dwellings homosexual 'couples' nor to decline to employ homosexuals in positions of sensitive personal influence such as elementary and high school teachers, counselors" . . . etc., etc., etc. *The Advocate*'s editorial stated: "to categorically exclude some members of society from housing or employment opportunity simply because they are homosexual is just as unconstitutional and un-Christian as to exclude them from such opportunities because of their race, national origin or religion."

After the Bishop Costello statement, Thomas said *The Advocate* was *not* opposing the positions of the Archdiocese of New York, "but some of the things being said in the pulpits and in pamphlets."

Talk about games Catholics play!

Laying It on the Line

About the time Pope Paul was hailing Mary as a model for women's lib, syndicated interviewer Philip Nobile was probing canon lawyer Clara Maria Henning [*Commonweal*, 1/11/74].

Q. *Does the Blessed Mother work as a feminist heroine?*

A. "I could make a case for Mary as a snappy cookie, but it's very tricky. As one theologian pointed out, the mother of God fails in some respects as a feminist prototype. She never had intercourse and was content to stay entirely in the background. But few women today would enjoy being as immaculate as Mary, or could afford her subordination to men."

Q. *If you had a private audience with Pope Paul what would you tell him.*

A. "I'd say, 'Pope darling, you don't know what the Catholic women are thinking. Your advisers don't let you read the articles or hear the debates. You're not really a part of this world. Women are so angry about discrimination in the church that you run the risk of losing half the church membership.' "

Non-Sexist Hymns

A nationwide hymn-writing contest to produce non-sexist hymns is being sponsored by the Presbytery of Albany, N. Y. Details are in the current issue of the Presbyterian—United Church of Christ publication, *A.D.*

Under the direction of the Presybytery's Task Force on Women, the contest is designed to inspire hymns that take into account changes the women's movement has made in American thinking and language.

The contest is open to persons of all faiths. Traditional hymns, contemporary hymns, children's hymns, hymns in other than the English language, and hymns for special occasions will be accepted.

Both music and words must be submitted, although the music need not be origginal if it is in the public domain. The lyrics must be original and not rewrites of familiar hymns.

Five criteria will be used for judging the contest: the inclusive language, acceptability to all members of a congregation, suitability for singing, and suitability for worship. The contest will end Jan. 31, 1975.

If enough hymns are submitted, the contest's sponsors hope to publish a hymnbook. Further information is available from the Presbytery of Albany, 601 Fifth Avenue, Watervliet, N.Y., 12189.

Odds and Ends

— The current *Holy Cross Quarterly* deals with "The Irish Issue," and recalls a modest proposal from George Bernard Shaw, himself an Irishman born in Dublin, for solving the Irish "problem." The Dutch and the Irish should swap countries, Shaw said. Then the Dutch could tidy up Ireland and make it a civilized country once again, while the Irish in Holland, too busy fighting each other to mend the dikes, would all drown.

— *U.S. News and World Report* recently polled American leaders on the 18 most powerful institutions or organizations. TV rated first. The Republican party, 17th. Organized religion, 18th.

— Two young women and a young man were arrested for streaking at dedication ceremonies of the new headquarters of the Worldwide Church of God in Pasadena. The lawyer pleaded with the judge for a light fine, saying "All they have is their clothes."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Postscript

Mahopac, N. Y.

To the Editors: When Sisyphus writes [May 17]) "Yes, Scott Fitzgerald might have said to rephrase himself when he replied to Hemingway about the rich . . ." I suspect him of wanting Max Lerner's column in the *Post;* he's twisting his literary allusions in the Lerner manner. (Lerner: " 'Hurry up, please, it's time,' as the pregnant lady said in Eliot's *Waste Land.*"—But that was the bartender speaking.) It was Hemingway who replied to Scott Fitzgerald, as the following edited transcript attests:

F. The very rich are different from you and me.

H. Yeah (expletive deleted), the (characterization omitted) have more money.

JOHN F. MAHONY

R.S.V.P.

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: In response to reports that the Jesuits may take disciplinary action against Presidential advisor John J. McLaughlin, S.J., the undersigned would like to announce the formation of a "Free Father McLaughlin Committee."

We believe that Father McLaughlin has good Jesuit precedents for all his activities. We do not think he should be discriminated against merely because of the accident of having been born in the twentieth century.

The statements by Father McLaughlin's religious superior are hardly convincing.

To discover, for instance, at this late date that Father McLaughlin lacks official permission to serve in the White House is a feat worthy of the White House staff itself. So too, a concern for ascetic living, expressed in dismay at Father McLaughlin's residency at the Watergate Apartments, seems unduly selective. Anyone can understand the

(Continued on page 340)

NEWS & VIEWS: 322 **CORRESPONDENCE:** 323
EDITORIALS: 323
THE NEXT CONCLAVE: *John Navone* 324
LA DIFFERENCE AMERICAINE: *Abigail McCarthy* 326
I—THE CHURCH TURNS ITS COAT: *Alain Woodrow* 327
II—NEW FACE EMERGES IN PARIS: *Alain Woodrow* 327
THE BISHOPS SAY NO: *John Cooney* 331
VERSE: *Michael Cuddihy* 333
THE SCREEN: *Colin L. Westerbeck, Jr.* 332
A DEMAND FOR [MORE]: *Linda Kuehl* 334
THE WORLDS OF HARRY TRUMAN: *Kenneth S. Davis* 336
BOOKS: *Walter M. Miller, Jr., Elliott Wright* 338

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THE HIRED COLLAR

A few weeks ago the greatest living embarrassment to American Jesuits —and many other members of the church—was the Nixon Administration's hired collar, Father ("Doctor") John J. McLaughlin, S.J. Then, the object of embarrassment became his religious superior who, in the course of explaining that McLaughlin didn't speak for the Society, imprudently discussed his subject's observance of the vows of poverty and obedience at a press conference. Now McLaughlin seems to have prevailed in their family quarrel. He will remain in the White House and retain his post as leading priestly disgrace.

Let us be clear on what is most embarrassing about Father McLaughlin. It is certainly not that he seldom wears clerical dress; priests should be free to dress any way that fits their work. Nor that he lives outside community; many Jesuits, for good reasons, cannot function properly when tied to traditional communities. Nor that he has a reputation for expensive tastes; we have grown accustomed to priests who live well. Nor that he lives in Watergate—although it is a strangely insensitive mind that does not see why he should not live there. Nor that he excuses the President's profanity; profanity is not this President's problem. Nor that he works for the Nixon Administration; although the risks involved when priests get political power are obvious, we tend to favor priests' taking government posts or running for office when peace and justice can be served.

Our problem with Father McLaughlin is that he has enthusiastically allowed himself, his priesthood and the prestige of his Order to be used to justify a pattern of political and moral corruption which his priesthood, his integrity, and his moral and intellectual training should call upon him to condemn. By his example he has resurrected the pejorative meaning of the word "Jesuit"—one who reasons cleverly to escape the truth. In his theology the bomber of Hanoi, the invader of Cambodia, the landlord of San Clemente, the man ultimately responsible for the whole network of crimes and cover-ups called Watergate, is "the greatest moral leader of the last third of this century" and the model of Christian charity; and McLaughlin calls those who question this hypocrites. What moves the rest of the

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civilized world to moral outrage moves McLaughlin to a clerical cover-up. This is how the Doctor has used his talents.

We think McLaughlin would have burned himself out, destroyed his usefulness by an unending flow of ridiculous statements—such as his recently expressed willingness to perform exorcisms. But his religious superior, Father Richard Cleary, S.J., felt compelled to intervene. He invited his subject home to pray and reflect with him about his life. Perhaps he did not thoroughly think through the implications of this for politically involved priests everywhere who theoretically could also be summoned home to pray before voting on impeachment, health insurance, abortion or school aid. Perhaps too he forgot the varied pattern of Jesuit activity that would seem to establish precedent for McLaughlin's position: Jesuits both oppose and support the Marcos regime in the Philippines; Oregon's Daniel Lyons, S.J., with right-wing financing, has been free to expound his warhawk views for years; Congressman Robert F. Drinan, S.J., has been free to work for Nixon's impeachment; and Dan Berrigan, S.J.—once he returned from Latin American exile—has been free to napalm draft records, go to jail, and return to the peace movement.

We understand that Cleary did not "go public" on McLaughlin without seeing him privately first. Nevertheless, for the provincial to suddenly raise questions about McLaughlin's life style and job status "permission" when his activities have been public knowledge for years, and to suggest that he might be dismissed from the Society when the Society had already tacitly condoned his activities, and to suggest that McLaughlin might somehow be straightened out by a week of prayer and reflection all indicate Cleary's inexperience and perhaps a distorted notion of what can be accomplished by prayer.

Father Cleary should simply and privately direct Father McLaughlin to live in a less conspicuous Washington apartment, to draw up a budget appropriate to his work and return the rest of his $30,000 salary to his province. On the McLaughlin political philosophy, religious superiors had best apply what we call Gamaliel's Rule. In the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles the high priests wanted to kill Peter and the apostles for their preaching; but Gamaliel, a teacher of the law, stood up and argued that if what the apostles were saying was false it would fail. If not, they could not be stopped. By that rule McLaughlin can't last very long.

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PAPAL SWEEPSTAKES

THE NEXT CONCLAVE

The age and recently poor health of the Holy Father has Rome buzzing with talk about the next conclave. *L'Espresso* (April 7), an Italian weekly magazine, reported that Paul VI is planning to establish a new basis for the constitution of the electoral body of the next conclave. According to certain "indiscretions"—*L'Espresso*'s expression for "leaks" from Vatican officials—the electoral body will be composed of 119 clergy (104 representatives of the various episcopal conferences plus some cardinals of the Curia) and an unspecified number of laymen.

This plan disturbs those of the Curia who oppose the change it would make in the proportion of Western and Third World electors. They note that of the 96 episcopal conferences listed in the *Annuario Pontificio* (The Pontifical Year Book) for this year, 31 are in Africa, 24 in the two Americas, 22 in Europe, 15 in Asia and 4 in Australia. With respect to the configuration of a traditional conclave, Paul VI's new plan would represent a radical shift in voting power. The Europeans would lose their hegemony and be replaced by the dominance of non-Europeans. In fact, the episcopal conferences of Africa and Asia outnumber those of Europe and North America combined; 77 episcopal conferences would represent developing nations and 49 would represent Western nations.

Others feel that the time has come to return to the tradition of having the Pope elected from the Church of Rome itself; however, the objection is raised that such a restricted conclave, drawing only from the diocese of Rome, would not suffice to guarantee an adequate selection for such an important post. In reply, many say that the Pope should be no more than the symbol of Catholic unity; he should restrict his interventions to extraordinary cases, and delegate to a curia composed of international experts the management of diplomatic, financial and other temporal affairs. According to this view, the Church should have a democratic, republican structure: a "representative" head and an executive parliament.

The next conclave will certainly be characterized by a relatively large number of voters. Until the time of John XXIII, there were less than 70; now the cardinal electors number 110, and to their ranks will be added laymen. The cardinals will represent large new areas of the globe. The greater numbers and new areas imply the increased problem of maintaining secrecy on the elections, its alliances and clashes preceding the ultimate decision.

As matters now stand, of the 31 Curia cardinals eligible for participation in a conclave this year (8 exceed the age limit), there is only one exponent of the Third World: Angelo Cardinal Rossi, Prefect of the Propa-

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ROMAN BOX SCORE

The Roman newspaper, *Paese Sera* (April 10, 1974), published the following interesting statistics on the city of Rome's clerical population.

There are 5,127 ecclesiastics and 15,000 sisters residing in Rome. The former are subdivided as follows: 36 cardinals, 90 archbishops and bishops, 463 priests incardinated in the diocese of Rome, 1271 extra-diocesan priests, 3362 religious (priests), and 31 priests of secular institutes.

There are 462 religious institutes for men with a population of 5,452 members, of whom 1,939 are Italian citizens. There are 588 religious institutes for women, 1,092 houses of religious, 189 generalates (headquarters), with a resident population, already indicated, of 15,000 sisters and 1,200 novices.

There are 249 parishes, of which 113 are entrusted to diocesan priests and 131 to religious; 5 are entrusted to secular institutes. If the subsidiary churches (i.e., a second church entrusted to a pastor) are included, the total number of churches comes to 881.

There are 257 pastors, 601 assistant priests, and 51 seminarians who work as assistants. There are 264 other collaborators (assistants) who reside in the parishes. The total number of those who work for the "care of souls" in Roman parishes is, among ecclesiastics and seminarians, 1,173. J. N.

ganda Fide. The vast majority of cardinals are from Western nations: 33 Europeans and 15 among Americans and Canadians, together with 3 from Australia and Oceania. Africa has 8 cardinals, Asia 9 and Latin America 13. Thus there are, including the only cardinal-patriarch of the Eastern rite eligible for the conclave, hardly over 30 Third World Prelates who would be members of the conclave.

Vaticanologist Carlo Falconi, in his article "Should the Conclave Open Tomorrow" (*L'Espresso*, April 7), believes that a new Pope from a very strong nation or "system" would encounter considerable diffidence from among the other great powers. This hypothesis immediately eliminates as credible candidates cardinals from the United States and socialist nations. The same argument holds, in the European context, for the Germans and French. The Spanish and, until recently, Portuguese candidates would be under the shadow of totalitarian regimes (in the case of the Portuguese, even a colonialist regime). Switzerland, Austria, and the Benelux would, then, seem to be favored; however, the Swiss cardinal, Charles Journet, is too old to take part in the conclave. Cardinal Suenens of Belgium has not been forgotten for his contestation of a few years ago; nor has Cardinal Alfrink of the Netherlands been forgotten for his protest against the rigidity of certain church structures. The traditionalist cardinals of the Curia do not forget these things.

Austria's prestigious Cardinal Franz Koenig, a brilliant diplomat and most well-informed on the history of religions, enjoys excellent relations with the Curia, where he is in charge of the Secretariat for Non-Believers. His age —69 years—is held ideal. Of all the non-Italian candidates, Cardinal Koenig would seem to be the most *papabile*. It would also be noted that the 29 Italian cardinals eligible for the conclave are a minority among the 110 participants.

Falco concluded that among the three most eligible Italians, in their order of eligibility, the first is Sebastiano Cardinal Baggio, ex-Archbishop of Cagliari in Sardinia, prefect of the Sacred Congregation for Bishops. Pericle Felice, the brilliant ex-secretary general of the Second Vatican Council and present President of the Commission for the Reform of the Code of Canon Law, is frequently mentioned. Sergio Pignedoli, former diplomat in the two Americas and Africa, an ex-auxiliary bishop of Montini in Milan, ex-secretary of the Propaganda Fide and now president of the Secretariat for Non-Christians, is the third strong Italian candidate.

For each of the three Italians there is a strong objection: Baggio (61 years old) is too young; Felice's work on a *Lex Fundamentalis* for the Church displeased many cardinals; Pignedoli is perhaps too close to Paul VI, and so on. Among the resident bishops, according to Falconi, there is only one serious candidate: Michele Pellegrino, Archbishop of Turin. Pellegrino, among all cardinals, is the most loved by the working class. He has marched with strikers, refused benefits from industrialists that might compromise the Church's stand on social justice, visited each parish of Turin, *listening* for hours as workers explain their problems to him.

The hypothesis for these conjectures is that the next conclave will take place exclusively within the confines of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Highly trustworthy Vatican sources, according to Falconi, on the other hand, affirm that Paul VI is seriously planning to reform papal elections. JOHN NAVONE

(Father John Navone, S.J., teaches at the Gregorian University, Rome.)

Summer Schedule

In keeping with the usual practice, *Commonweal* will again appear on alternate weeks during the summer months. Forthcoming issues will be dated June 28, July 12, July 26, August 9, August 23, September 6 and September 20. From then on we will resume our normal weekly publishing schedule.

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LA DIFFERENCE AMERICAINE

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

A nice professor of my acquaintance has protested my using the pages of *Commonweal* to write about the problems of women. "Your witness should be broader than that," he said earnestly. I don't think I agree. But I must say I don't know exactly why I write about women lately. Perhaps novelist Elizabeth Bowen was right:

"Writers do not find subjects: subjects find them. There is not so much a search as a state of open susceptibility . . . subject remains apart—an inexplicable factor, an inner choice for which no external can yet account. The child, almost any child, is born with the hope that the universe is somehow to be explained; it may be that the writer does not outlive that hope—here and there his eye passes, from clue to clue. Through subject he offers his explanation."

One of the puzzles of the universe is certainly the difference between men and women. It affects each one of us profoundly and intimately in a way that other universal puzzles do not. A writer I used to admire very much as James Morris has recently become a woman named Jan Morris by means of physical change. (I wonder about so intelligent a person making that choice, and whether the choice is truly possible, but it is not of that I am thinking now.) I was struck that Jan Morris noticed almost at once that people who met her did not take what she had to say as seriously or listen as attentively as when she was named James Morris. Yet it was the same person with the same interesting mind. However, I was also struck by the fact that she admitted to thinking *differently*.

Women are asking to be listened to seriously. But I think they are changing what they are saying. They used to say, in the woman's movement, that they could do things just as well as men could. They are now saying that they can do things, but do them differently, and that their way may be better for everybody.

Take women in politics for example. "Politics seems to be one of those callings where celibacy can be defended on practical grounds," wrote David Riesman almost twenty years ago. To listen to retiring Congressmen and women this year is to believe that he knew indeed whereof he spoke. Julia Butler Hansen, after thirty-seven years in public life, still remembers with bitterness the constituent who showed up when she was bathing her baby and demanded that she drop him because "she needed and demanded my time."

Congressman John Blatnik is by no means too old to exercise the chairmanship of the Public Works Commitee, but he is leaving it for personal reasons. "The seventy-hour week is too much," he says, and adds that the needs of his large district—geographically the size of several of the eastern states—almost did away with his private life. When his son was a little boy he could not understand why his father had to spend three weekends out of four "back home," when other fathers nearby were with their sons. The Congressman has two younger children. "I want to spend time with them before it is too late," he says.

But pretty, brainy, young Patricia Schroeder, first-term Congresswoman from Colorado thinks the fault lies not in the political life, but in the politician's uncritical acceptance of unreasonable demands. She thinks that most of her male colleagues accept life-styles which are "the most inhumane I have ever seen. I think I can make a real contribution by refusing to adjust—by living in an alternative way. I'm a Congresswoman *and* a wife *and* a mother. My constituents have rights, but so has my family. I do not think it is necessary to sacrifice one to the other."

The idea that women, by insisting on the humane and personal dimensions in life, are liberating society as a whole is an idea dear to the new feminists. Actually it has historical roots deep in the American experience. A brilliant analyst and observer, Denis Brogan, professor of political science at Cambridge University, wrote in *The American Character* that it was the women who conquered the savagery and the temptation to anarchy on the frontier, who brought about community life, the possibility of a non-savage future for the children; who united with the itinerant preachers to bring stable marriages, literacy and law to the new society. In the next generation "the adoption of the woman's thrifty view of human life, as compared with the extravagant masculine attitude," was one mark of an American moving from the frontier condition. (Brogan's "extravagant masculine attitude" can be translated, I think, as the attitude that human beings are expendable in pursuit of a goal.)

Women were entangled in a forest of conflicting values as our culture became more complex, but some recent polls and surveys tend to indicate that they may be emerging again as the "civilizers" that Brogan thinks they have been in the past in American society which, as he insists, was a "made" society.

A recent poll on amnesty for draft-evaders shows women ten points ahead of men in favoring the right of return without punishment. The director of the survey shrugged off this showing. "That's momism," he said. "Women traditionally have adopted a less warlike stance in public opinion polls." Exactly. But Brogan puts it better: "War, even more than drink,

(Continued on page 340)

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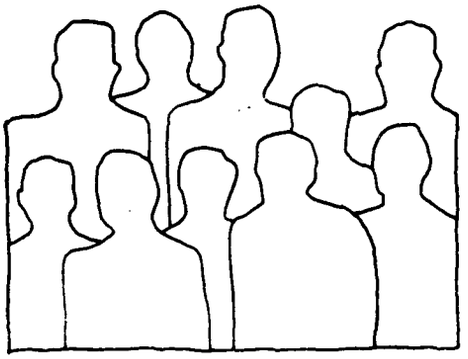
I—THE CHURCH TURNS ITS COAT
II—NEW FACE EMERGES IN PARIS

ALAIN WOODROW



Two reports from a Commonweal correspondent

PORTUGAL

"The Passion of Christ, which I have listened to so often, recounted as a historical event, has taken on a new meaning for me this year. Certain details have become all too real: the scourging, the blows and insults, the isolation in front of one's persecutors . . . I have seen men and women crushed and broken by violence and treachery, disfigured and robbed of their humanity. And I am reminded of so many others, all sharing in the Passion of Christ to the extent that their suffering was a result of their love."

"We call upon all Portuguese Catholics and other men of good will to support the new military leaders. We are glad that the dictatorship has been overthrown, as this is in the interests of the Portuguese nation. We share the desires and hopes of the people, at this time, and pledge our collaboration, insofar as we are competent, for the construction of a social order founded on truth, justice, freedom, love and peace. The Council recommends that the laity carry out their rightful tasks freely, without passively waiting for the directives of the hierarchy."

The first of these quotations is taken from a letter sent last Easter to a friend by a Portuguese Catholic who has long been a victim of the fascist regime, and who was again imprisoned last November and tortured.

(Continued on page 328)

FRANCE

"In every election, throughout the world, there are winners and losers. In France, there are the good and the wicked (the wicked obviously being the others). In other countries, elections are a contest. In France, they are a crusade. And when the results are known the losers are excommunicated from political life until the following crusade.

"Might I suggest that we create in France an authentic statute for the opposition, so that it will not be excluded from its right to speak and act? For, a President of the Republic is not the President of only a part of the French people; he must govern for the good of all. We must invent a means (which certainly exists in other countries) of allowing everyone to work together."

This extract from an article written by the Bishop of Arras, Msgr. Huyghe, in his diocesan bulletin before the first ballot of the Presidential election on May 5, goes to the roots of one of the major problems in French politics. And this election is a particularly striking example of it. With the final score of Mr. Valérie Giscard d'Estaing at 50.7 percent and Mr. François Mitterand at 49.38 percent of the votes cast, one can say that Gaul is no longer divided into three parts, as in Caesar's time, but in two equal halves.

With over twelve and a half million votes, Mitterand achieved the highest score ever made by the left-wing in France (two million more votes than in the second ballot against General de Gaulle in 1965). And it was also a record turnout (in spite of the glorious weather which

(Continued on page 329)

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Portugal (Cont.)

A militant layman, he never received the slightest encouragement or support from the official Church authorities.

The second is an extract from the statement of the Portuguese hierarchy, published after General Spinola's successful *coup d'état*. The laconic tranquillity with which the bishops turn their (purple) coats is quite staggering. Could the authors of this statement be the same men who in 1961 proudly wrote the following? "For many centuries, the providential guidance of our history has made of us the Lord's instrument for the evangelization of a considerable part of the world. At a time when the West seems to have lost its sense of purpose, Portugal remains conscious of its evangelizing and civilizing mission. And it pains us to see that this mission is under attack, that there are people in the world who oppose the union of our missionary action and the mission of the Portuguese State, a union which has always been declared indissoluble. . . . Our missionaries are Portuguese citizens who work on the soil of their own Fatherland—a single Fatherland which is spread over different continents—and it is this Fatherland which it is their duty to love and serve."

Have their Excellencies forgotten the "Pastoral Exhortation" signed in 1961 by the (Portuguese) bishops of Angola, which recognizes that the authorities have "the right to kill"? Or the Pastoral Letter published by the Portuguese hierarchy in 1962, calling on the nation's youth "to serve those great ideals for which it is noble to die"? Or the numerous priests and laymen, abandoned to the "secular arm" to be imprisoned, tortured and killed, like—to give but two examples—Father Joaquim Pinto de Andrade (brother of the nationalist leader of Angola), who was imprisoned six times, or the Vicar General of the archdiocese of Luanda (Angola), Msgr. Das Nevas, who died in Portugal in 1966, after six years of exile, and who was only allowed by the Church authorities to be *buried secretly at night*? Or the public denial by Msgr. Alvim, Archbishop of Lourenco Marques (Mozambique) of the massacre of 400 Africans by Portuguese troops revealed by Father Adrian Hastings in the *London Times*, the Archbishop dismissing the affair as "a story invented by Marxist missionaries"? Or the ostracism of the only liberal bishop in the Portuguese territories, Msgr. Manuel Vieira Pinto, Bishop of Nampula (Mozambique), after his expulsion last month by Caetano's secret police? Or. . . .

Whereas neither the pressures exerted internally by a growing number of committed Christians nor those exerted externally by the Vatican or the World Council of Churches succeeded in troubling the clear conscience of the Portuguese Church, the overthrow of the Salazar-Caetano regime converted the bishops overnight. What had been regarded, for forty years, as a "providential instrument of civilization and evangelization" was suddenly recognized as a "dictatorship" whose overthrow was "in the interests of the Portuguese nation." The workings of divine grace are indeed wondrous!

Portugal is a small country, scarcely larger than Scotland, with a population about as large as that of London. Its standard of living is four times lower than that of France. And yet, lacking natural resources and with only two good ports, not only did Portugal found Christendom's first colonial empire, but it is also the country which has clung to this empire longer than any of its imperial rivals. These overseas territories, which were considered as "parts of the Portuguese nation," cover an area 22 times the size of Portugal. The main colonies are the three African countries: Guinea-Bissau, Angola and Mozambique [See "Liberating Portuguese Africa," Mar. 29].

Emigration and War

But, in recent years, Portugal's forces have been increasingly sapped, internally by emigration and externally by the African colonial wars. Emigration has especially hit the young male population, who seek both to avoid the obligatory four-year military service (and the risk of being sent to fight in Africa) and to find work in Europe's richer industrialized countries (there are an estimated 800,000 Portuguese workers in France).

This emigration has had an effect on the Church in Portugal. The contact of emigrants from rural districts with urbanized life, and especially the possibility for their children to receive secondary education, has done much to overcome the more obscurantist and reactionary aspects of traditional Portuguese Catholicism. But, officially, the Church has done little to renew its attitude and spends most of its energy trying to maintain the church-going statistics. Even in Paris, for example, whereas French priests speak to the Portuguese immigrants of working-class solidarity and trade-unionism, the Portuguese Mission in Paris limits its activity to the organization of pilgrimages to the Virgin of Fatima.

With regard to the colonial wars, which drain more than half of the country's meager resources, the official line taken by the hierarchy, as we have seen, has been one of silent complicity. It is symptomatic that it was laymen and not bishops who protested publicly to Salazar in 1964 against the insults addressed by the Portuguese government to Paul VI for having accepted an invitation to visit India, because three years before India had annexed the Portuguese colony of Goa.

The one episcopal exception in Portugal—like that of the Bishop of Nampula in the colonies—is the case of Msgr. Ferreira Gomes, Bishop of Oporto, whose courageous and lonely stand cost him 11 years exile.

Already in the 1950s, Bishop Gomes had criticized, on several occasions, the oppression of the workers,

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the lack of political freedom and the sending of army chaplains to serve those fighting in the colonies. In 1958, the Bishop had written, in a pastoral letter: "Let us be frank, even brutal: the Portuguese corporative system serves as a means of depriving the workers of their natural rights." He was violently attacked in a pamphlet inspired by Salazar himself, and exiled shortly after.

Since his return in 1969, Bishop Gomes has been much more discreet, in public, although the first statement he made was to call for the freedom of the press, which he described as "much more important than a Catholic press." It is also widely known that he was sympathetic to the document drawn up in 1972 by the "Justice and Peace" commission in his diocese (although he did not sign it), condemning the Portuguese wars in Africa in no uncertain terms. The document was not allowed to be published or circulated.

It is the Portuguese clergy and laity, however, who have become increasingly critical of the regime. Many were content with the subservient but well-rewarded role offered by Salazar, and then Caetano, to the Church, but a growing minority have found the Concordat regime more and more intolerable: in Father Hastings' words, "privileged bondage."

Since 1963, there appeared the first clandestine groups of and publications by Catholics, denouncing the regime and the colonial wars. Two priests from Oporto, for example, refused to serve as military chaplains and were imprisoned; Father Mario Oliveira, parish priest in the diocese of Oporto, was sent to prison twice for preaching "pacifist" sermons; in Lisbon, 14 people, including priests and university professors, were arrested in 1972 for having organized a "peace vigil" in a church, etc.

Faced with this recurring scenario: minorities trying to arouse public opinion, the political police arresting and imprisoning them and the bishops (except for the two honorable exceptions already mentioned) remaining silent, certain Christians opted for revolutionary action. 1972 saw the creation of a number of "Revolutionary Brigades," which carried out attacks on military objectives, with limited success. Other Christians, such as two university professors Cintra and Moura, formed an opposition party in 1969 called the "Democratic Electoral Commission," which included members of the clandestine Communist Party and certain Catholic Action leaders.

General Spinola's coup has opened a new era where anything is possible. The new regime has recognized publicly that the solution to the colonial problem is not military but political, but will its leaders be able, and courageous enough, to achieve a peaceful transition leading to independence? In Portugal, the junta has paid lip-service to the ideals of freedom and democracy, but their words have yet to be proved by deeds. The official Church's unceremonious leap onto the winning bandwagon is not only premature but irresponsible. As a Portuguese friend wrote to me: "Instead of simply turning its coat, the Church should rather fashion itself a new one, and one that matches the reality of Portuguese life which has been unmasked by the military putsch."

France (Cont.)

usually favors abstention), with 87.78 percent of the voting population participating.

It should be added that the French electoral system tends to encourage this bi-polarization, with its two successive ballots. It is often said that in the first ballot one votes *for* a candidate, and in the second one votes *against* a candidate. It is certain that the votes cast for the other ten contenders in the first ballot were sought by the two remaining candidates, in between the two ballots, with such eagerness that not only were promises showered on all social classes and categories, but we learned, with some surprise, that Giscard had always dreamed of helping the workers, the aged, the sick, widows, the physically disabled (in spite of the fact that during the last 11 years he has repeatedly refused such social measures, put forward by the opposition) and that the Socialists, and especially the Communists, are the true heirs of de Gaulle. . . .

Indeed, it was above all the almost four million voters (15.10 percent) who the first time round had supported Jacques Chaban-Delmas, the official Gaullist candidate, who were the most ardently wooed; which explains why everyone suddenly discovered that he was Gaullist. But, paradoxically, just when everybody was busy out-de Gaulling de Gaulle, it looked as though Gaullism, as a political movement, was at an end.

Gaullism is a notoriously vague concept, however, and it is evident that de Gaulle's great ideals—national independence, a strong personal method of government based on the executive, participation, etc.—are by no means dead. What has disintegrated, however, is the coalition inspired and held together by de Gaulle, and then Georges Pompidou, by means of the Gaullist U.D.R. party. It was this party (forming the governmental majority, together with a number of "centrist" formations, such as Giscard d'Estaing's Independent Republicans) that chose Chaban-Delmas as its candidate. And his resounding defeat in the first ballot marks the end of the governing coalition, if not of the U.D.R. party itself.

Valérie Giscard d'Estaing centered his campaign on the slogan of a new enlarged majority, and it will be interesting to see, now that he has been elected, how "new" and how "large" it will be. Minister of Finance from 1962-1967 under de Gaulle and from 1969-1974 under Pompidou, Giscard d'Estaing is an exceptionally intelligent economist who has been compared with the bright scholar-technicians found in the entourage of Pres-

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ident Kennedy. After a brilliant academic career, Giscard became finance minister in 1962 at the age of 36—the youngest the nation has had this century. Politically, he considers himself a classic conservative of the neo-capitalist and free-enterprise school.

François Mitterand, 10 years older than his rival, is an old-timer on the political stage. Already a minister under the Fourth Republic, he stood for President against de Gaulle in 1965 and against Pompidou in 1969. His big problem, of course, was the Communist party. Without the five million Communist votes, the Socialists had no chance of winning, but the alliance with the Communist party resembled a kiss of death. In spite of his repeated claims to autonomy: that he wouldn't name a Communist prime minister, that he is as patriotic as the next man and wouldn't dream of receiving orders from Moscow, that he believes in individual liberty (he even promised to promulgate a charter of civil freedom, as soon as he was elected), that he has no intention of doing away with private property, etc., François Mitterand was still regarded with suspicion and considered by many to be the hostage, albeit unwittingly, of Georges Marchais, the general secretary of the French Communist party.

On the whole, the old visceral fear of a Communist takeover is waning and, except for the final stages of the campaign, there was little anti-Communist demagoguery. But the "joint program of government" elaborated by the Socialists and Communists, and signed by Marchais and Mitterand, put the fear into many uncommitted voters, especially in the industrial and financial sectors. The most controversial point of this program, and one which made Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, leader of the Radical party, switch his allegiance from Mitterand to Giscard, was the pledge to nationalize nine major firms and twelve leading banks. Other more rosy points of the program, such as a 40-hour week, retirement at 60, a 1,200-franc minimum monthly wage, etc., were considered utopian by many after the oil crisis and inflation running at 15-18 percent a year.

One of the most striking things about the recent campaign was the silence of the Church. Apart from the article by Bishop Huyghe quoted above, which was of a general nature, the Catholic hierarchy made no statement before the elections, not even to remind Christians of their duty to vote nor to draw attention to the values a Christian should look for in a political program.

One reason for this silence is that the bishops have been explicit enough in recent months when they have intervened in favor of peace and social justice (against nuclear tests, in favor of conscientious objection, against real-estate speculation, in favor of the strikers in the Lip factory, etc.) and have often been accused of adopting a left-wing stand. Another reason is that bishops' position on political matters is clear. In 1972, they published a document at their plenary assembly in Lourdes, drawn up by Bishop Matagrin of Grenoble, which frankly admits the legitimacy of pluralism in the political sphere. "The Gospel is not neutral," stated the bishops, who went on to give a list of "demands" made by the Gospel, in the name of fraternity and justice, which read more like a Socialist or Communist manifesto than a defense of capitalism.

But if the episcopal conference, as a whole, has shown a leftward trend, this is much less evident in the body of the faithful. A recent survey shows that only 9 percent of the seven million Catholic voters (out of twelve million practicing Catholics: 24 percent of the population) vote for the left, the remaining 91 percent voting right or center. But this proportion is slowly changing. An article published after the first ballot reveals that in twenty *départements* regarded as traditionally Catholic (mainly in the West and East of the country), the left had progressed by 3 percent. And a survey carried out by the Catholic weekly *La Vie Catholique* among young practicing Catholics under voting age (from 18 to 21 years) shows that 36 percent of them would have voted for Mitterand on the second ballot.

If the *Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne* (Young Christian Workers) came out publicly in favor of Mitterand, most Catholic organizations and newspapers remained either very discreet about their sympathies or strictly impartial. One exception was an organization of Catholic schoolteachers which voted its concern over the proposed takeover of private schools by the State, contained in the Socialo-Communist "joint program."

To sum up, one must admit that it is almost impossible to isolate the "Catholic" vote. First of all, who should be regarded as "Catholic": the 80 percent of Frenchmen who describe themselves as such, the 24 percent of practicing Catholics, the 67 percent of irregular churchgoers? And of course Catholics are first of all men or women, young or old, city- or country-dwellers, rich or poor, worker or bourgeois. Added to which, a recent survey showed that 31 percent of practicing Catholics consider that their religious faith has no bearing on their professional or political life.

Indeed, it would seem that it is more and more meaningless to study Christians as a class apart. They are increasingly indistinguishable from the population at large, for a number of reasons, not least of which is the identity crisis from which the Church itself is suffering. In the recent French elections, it is certain that Christians were actively militant in both camps, and there is a danger that the bi-polarization which seems endemic to French politics will become yet another factor of division within the Church, whose unity is already straining at the seams. Perhaps the best contribution French Christians could make to the social and political life of their country at this moment would be to reread and meditate upon the parable of the house divided against itself.

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THE BISHOPS SAY NO

JOHN COONEY

Official response to an Irish proposal for shared schooling

After four months of uneasy existence in the face of the opposition of the 11 anti-Sunningdale Ulster Loyalists, the Northern Ireland Executive now faces the prospect of a clash with the Roman Catholic hierarchy over a proposal to introduce a system of "shared schooling." The tension is different in kind from that resulting from the random violence common to Northern Ireland and felt more recently in Dublin, but its roots are in similar religious and political suspicions. It is different in kind, also, from the tension resulting from the workstrike in Ulster and the latest deployment of British troops to man petrol stations and power depots. But it is the type of problem that underlies many manifestations of Irish inter-religious bitterness.

The "shared school" proposal, which came into the Assembly from the Education Minister, Basil McIvor, is the first attempt by the power-sharing interdenominational administration to end the system of segregated education in Northern Ireland. In presenting the proposal, Mr. McIvor had stated that he realized that the churches would have some reservation about mixed schooling, but he asked them earnestly to consider the very special needs of Northern Ireland and to join with the Executive in meeting these needs. It was his belief that the mixing of school children would contribute to the reduction of community tension in Northern Ireland.

Mr. McIvor confined himself to a brief outline of his plan. He said that he hoped to experiment with a new type of school in Northern Ireland—the shared schools in which Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches would be equally involved in the school management and in which the respective faiths of the pupils would be provided for at religious education classes. (At present there are two types of schools in Northern Ireland: the Protestant Churches control 50 percent of the State schools; most Roman Catholic primary and intermediate schools are "maintained"—that is, the church is allowed two-thirds membership of the management committees, has freedom over the appointment of staff, and receives payment of most of the capital and all of the running costs by the State.) The details of the plan would be worked out in consultation with the interested parties, Mr. McIvor said, adding that he hoped to start the experiment this autumn at nursery school level.

Immediate reaction to the proposal from the leaders of the three main Protestant Churches was in principle favorable to the Minister's proposal. But the Roman Catholic reaction was, in the words of one observer, distinctly frosty: the Vicar General of the Diocese of Down and Connor, which includes Belfast, said he did not see how the enormous inherent difficulties in the scheme could be overcome; a Belfast parish priest described the proposal as "naive and ill-informed," Cardinal Conway evaded comment by stating that he had not yet had time to study the proposal.

There is little likelihood that the hierarchy will give its blessing to the desegregation plan. It has been the policy, as in Scotland, that Catholic children should be taught in the atmosphere of the Catholic school. The Irish bishops have maintained that the system of segregated education in Northern Ireland cannot be held responsible for the troubles of the past five years.

In recent months an internal church dispute in the diocese of Down and Connor has shown the determination of church authorities to oppose any form of support to integrated schools. The dispute involves the local bishop, Dr. Philbin, who has refused to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to at least six children who had been sent by their Roman Catholic parents to the State School.

The parents have formed a group called All Children Together and have petitioned the bishop to confirm the children and to provide new forms of religious instruction for those children attending State school. Far from gaining any response from the bishop, the parents have had to file a complaint against him to the Vatican.

It is an interesting and revealing conflict: For the churchmen any opposition to the traditional pattern of education is anathema and a signal for the whips to impose party union. In places like Northern Ireland and Scotland, acceptance of the Catholic school system has become more than an item in canon law—it has become an article of faith and the touchstone of loyalty. In the present circumstances in Belfast where the pressures of unity and uniformity are strong on the Catholic population, dissent in the ranks over the schools amounts to letting the side down.

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The parents, on the other hand, tend to take the view that separate Catholic schools are no longer a necessity, especially since Vatican II, and that in fact the acceptance of Catholic schools is acceptance of clerical control. Consequently, when parents invoke their rights, usually with reference to the decrees of the Second Vatican Council on Christian Education, Religious Freedom, Ecumenism and the Apostolate of the Laity, they face an immobile church response that proffers them a diet of canon law. The Northern Irish Church, they feel, is perpetuating the ghetto mentality that has led to so much of the present community problems.

There is also another *cause célèbre* that shows the opposition of the Northern Irish Catholic Church to integrated education. This concerns a primary school, Tullygally County, in Craigavon, Co. Armagh. When this school opened in 1969 it was the only school in the new city where Catholic pupils could attend—along with their Protestant contemporaries. In order to ensure religious education for the Catholic pupils—who numbered several hundred—two nuns visited the school regularly. The arrangement seemed satisfactory until the following

year when a Catholic primary school opened nearby and parents were asked to send their children to the new school. The consequent drop in the Catholic school roll was followed by the withdrawal by church authorities of the nuns and by a policy of pressuring the parents to segregate. Children remaining at this school have been refused confirmation by Dr. Philbin.

Against this background there is little prospect of hierarchy support for the McIvor plan—despite the fact that the desegregation of education has the support of the SDLP, the main Catholic party in the Province.

As Mr. McIvor had said that the plan will need the agreement of the Churches for its implementation there was a certain pessimism from SDLP ministers who in the past few months had remained optimistic that the Sunningdale Agreement would be ratified, that the Council of Ireland would be set up and that the Executive would survive, The Executive died with the resignation of Brian Faulkner as Chief Minister on May 28. Now analysts must grapple with the thought that the grave-digger of the Executive was not only Ian Paisley and the Protestant extremists, but perhaps also the Catholic hierarchy.

MARXISM

THE SCREEN

It's hard to realize that the current revival in the popularity of the Marx Brothers truly is a revival. Surely, one assumes, their films have never lost favor with audiences since the time they were made. But the fact is twenty years ago it never would have occurred to the Motion Picture Academy, as it did this year, that Groucho should be given an award. It never would have occurred to anyone forty years ago, for that matter, when the brothers were in their prime. After making their first five pictures for Paramount in rapid succession—*The Coconuts* (1929), *Animal Crackers* (1930), *Monkey Business* (1931), *Horse Feathers* (1932) and *Duck Soup* (1933)—the brothers found themselves without either a picture or a studio in 1934, Paramount having let their contract run out because the public seemed to be tiring of their films.

The following year Irving Thalberg picked them up for a couple of films more—*A Night at the Opera* (1935) and *A Day at the Races* (1937)—done in the elite production unit he had earned for MGM's quality work. Though Thalberg only went after the Marx Brothers because he felt his own career as a producer to be weak where comedy was concerned, the two films made for MGM then did rejuvenate the brothers' career and lead to a half dozen more films in the next ten years or so. But none of the films done after those first five at Paramount was equal to them; and by the late fifties even they were so neglected, despite Groucho's popularity on television, that the copyright on *Animal Crackers* had been expired for three years before any of the film's owners noticed it. The result was some sort of byzantine legal struggle that has now kept *Animal Crackers* out of circulation altogether for fifteen years while rights to the picture were renegotiated.

Since an agreement has evidently been reached at last and the film is about to be released again, the occasion might call for a reviewing of the complete set of Paramount films. What seeing *Animal Crackers* anew reconfirms is the abruptness with which the mood of film comedy changed in the sound era. In fact, the mood of films generally changed from sentimentalism to cynicism, and comedy fit the trend. If the essential screen comics of the silent era were Keaton and Chaplin, those of the 1930s were W. C. Fields and the Marx Brothers. And in the work of both the latter, from the very beginning, the comedy is acerbic, is even genuinely misanthropic at times, as if it were created to be an antidote for all that sweetness exuded by earlier movie comedy.

The Marx Brothers are in a class apart from Fields, though. In the final analysis there may be more malevo-

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lence in Fields than in them, but Fields is always provoked. Even Baby Leroy and Charlie McCarthy ("My Little Whispering Pine," as Fields refers to him spitefully at one point), seem out to get Fields. Fields is embroiled in a world so antagonizing that his own nastiness seems mere self-defense. But in the Marx Brothers' films, it is they who are the antagonists, the aggressors, and the world is the victim. While they may not have sour intentions for their antics, as Fields often does, those antics have at least potentially crueler, more destructive consequences than his.

The injury the Marx Brothers might have done as a result would ultimately have been to their own comedy. This is a possibility that Andrew Sarris failed to appreciate in *The American Cinema* when he complained about the invariably "mediocre *mise en scène*" of the Marx Brothers' films and about the way that the insipid stories sometimes threaten to take over the scenario. Sarris appeared to have a point since the plot and *mise en scène* of the Marx Brothers' films seem only to provide a pretext for them to do their gag routines. The negligibility of the films' scripts and settings seems clear when you consider that many of the gags—for example, Harpo's dropping an entire silver service from the sleeve of his infamous coat in *Animal Crackers*—originated in the brothers' vaudeville act before the stage or screen plays ever existed.

But I think Sarris missed an important consideration when he talked as if this hokey world created for the Marx Brothers to operate in was somehow inappropriate, or unworthy of their inspired madness. The world that we see the Marx Brothers attack on the screen in film after film provides not only a pretext for their shenanigans, but also a context—a context in which those shenanigans can seem funny rather than vicious. Anarchy isn't comical in a real world, so their films have to pose and sustain a noticeably artificial one, a world peopled with theatrical conventions like Margaret Dumont's stuffy dowager rather than real human beings who might win our sympathy for the abuse they suffer from the film's stars.

In *The Coconuts,* whatever affecting songs might have been in the original George S. Kaufman-Irving Berlin musical, the only song retained by the moviemakers is an icky duet called "When My Dreams Come True," which is sung by the romantic leads. Even when the film was new, this song, celebrating the love of a poor boy and a rich girl must have struck a false note with audiences. That is, in essence, its purpose: to insulate the Marx Brothers' recklessness from any contact with real problems or genuine emotions. At the beginning of *Animal Crackers,* as Groucho is carried on in a litter chair, he surveys the other weekend guests assembled at Margaret Dumont's mansion with an insolently ungracious, unimpressed look. It is a look that says, in effect, "I've never seen such a bunch of phonies in all my life," and it is necessary here at the beginning to reassure us that no one we care about will be hurt because there won't be anyone we care about.

If the comedy of *Animal Crackers* appears to have paled with age, it is only because its production techniques as a movie are now badly out of date, not because the Marx Brothers' own work is. It would help if Universal Pictures, which now owns the film, would spend a few thousand on refurbished prints. The condition of the print I saw at a preview was atrocious. But no careful lab work could hide the inadequacies of the Astor Studios on Long Island where the brothers converted their hit Broadway shows into their first two films. Although many lines are inaudible, every footfall in the film can be heard reverberating on a sound stage floor thoughtlessly built with hollow underpinnings like a theater stage. It wasn't until the Marx Brothers' next film, *Monkey Business,* which was made in Hollywood, that they really hit their peak in movies. Only then did the production equipment and directors get good enough to keep up with them, and did they become really sensitive to the medium.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

MICHAEL CUDDIHY

Mapleleaf

No antique this
Neighbor to the damp
Autumn of grass

The sun's footprints
Staining the dark
Roots of shadow

Face of the crucified
His brown shroud
Woven of the world

Tiny leaf holes
Inviting the wild air
To kneel

Who could imagine
A new creation

You will teach deserts
to dissolve, making all things
new with water.

At your command, mountains will shatter
the night with flames,
believing they are stars.

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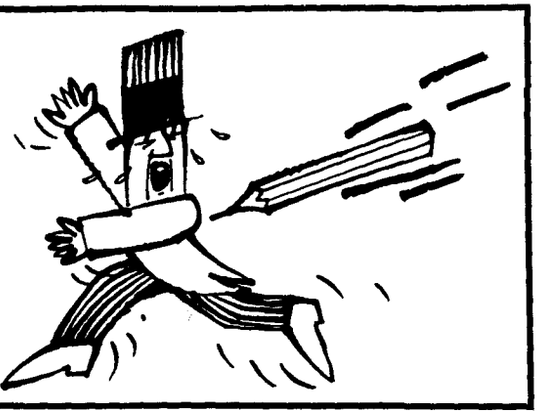
A DEMAND FOR [MORE]

LINDA KUEHL



On Saturday, July 6, 1963, Norman Mailer told an interviewer: "If what you write is a reflection of your own consciousness, then even journalism can become interesting. One wouldn't want to spend one's life at it, and I wouldn't want ever to be caught justifying journalism as a major activity (it's obviously less interesting than to write a novel), but it's better, I think, to see journalism as a venture of one's ability to keep in shape than to see it as an essential betrayal of the chalice of your literary art."

At least Mailer covered himself that much, because within the next four years he was to write his last two novels to date. *An American Dream* is probably best remembered for its snazzy opening lines: "I met Jack Kennedy in November, 1946. . . . We went out one night on a double date and it turned out to be a fair evening for me. I seduced a girl who would have been bored by a diamond as big as the Ritz." *Why Are We in Vietnam?* is possibly not remembered at all because it had nothing directly to do with Vietnam.

And so it was that Mailer turned to nonfiction. Call it what you will—journalism, creative journalism, creative reporting, creative nonfiction—it was unique and it did become his major activity, the chalice of his new literary art. He took on the moon, conventions at Chicago and Miami, JFK, LBJ, the Pentagon, *le deuxième sexe,* Marilyn Monroe and graffiti. His only major novel—the million dollar bonanza to be reckoned with in good time—remains *The Naked and The Dead,* published Post-World War II, 1948.

Also published in 1948 was a very different but notable American novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms,* by the other novelist turned *major-domo* reporter, Truman Capote. He, too, however, showed ambivalence toward the shift. Just as Mailer felt compelled to subtitle his non-*roman-à*-clef—*Armies of The Night*—a novel as history, Capote made a big to-do about labelling *In Cold Blood* a so-called "non-fiction novel." Whatever the terms mean, both novelists clung to their ostensibly higher calling. Yet their switch was felt in the non-fiction netherland below. Generic reporters straight from the city were metamorphorizing into new journalists. That is, they were appropriating devices of the storyteller's art—congealing fiction-making with fact-finding.

New journalist designé, of course, was Tom Wolfe, Mailer's bastard offspring numero uno. But since children —legitimate or otherwise—yearn to appear *sui generis,* particularly when their influencers are infinitely more talented, it is not surprising that Wolfe should deal his Big Daddy a more revealing-than-revealed blow in his anthology of new journalism. First of all by including Mailer at all, Wolfe shows presumption. Then he betrays oepidal spite by calling *Armies of The Night*—I mean, really!—"quite a charming book." As if that were not enough, he attributes its success, not to Mailer's energy and eloquence and risk-taking, but to Mailer's access to tapes and film of the events described. The gist— or joust—of course is nix on old-fashioned fictioneering and three cheers for a new-fangled eclectic reportage.

Which puts Wolfe more in league with Marshall McLuhan—remember McLuhan? He outmoded the reflections of the Mailerian consciousness, and lobbied for the written word to be commensurate to the primitive pictorial drawings found on wall drawings in Egyptian caves. Frankly I had forgotten about McLuhan until he turned up unexpectedly on the May 10 *New York Times* Op-Ed page with an updated self-vindication propelled by his characteristically spurious syllogisms. McLuhan rather gleefully non-reasoned, *vis-à-vis* Nixon and Watergate, that the tape recorder and tape had become our national conscience, our moral verifier and forsooth truthsayer. The written word could be expanded once and for all as protector of our perpetual national-political lie; the written word should be banished once and for all as our disguise and disgrace.

Now, I never could cotton to McLuhan's souped-up elliptical homespun philosophy, but this piece just happened to appear on the same day as the opening of the Third A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention, sponsored by the muckraking journalism review, [*MORE*]. And it did bring back to mind questions about the uneasy relationship between fiction and fact, old journalism and new, print and visual media, writer's craft and deadline-meeting, risk and failsafe story writing, ethics and scooping. My curiosity was stimulated by a promised list of programmed panels—"Kidnapping: Is The Press Held for Ransom?" "White Elephants & Sacred Cows—The Editorial Page." "From Pumpkin Patch to Pentagon Papers—National Security and The Press." "Film as Journalism." "Is There a Jewish Bias—Coverage of the Middle East?" "The Press & the Presidency." "Violence Runs Amok in the Newsroom: Is Crime Coverage Simple-Minded?" There were also panels on female sensibility, men's magazines,

LINDA KUEHL *teaches a nonfiction workshop on the contemporary press at The New School in New York City.*

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women's magazines, women in the newsroom, and, for a finale, "What is Failure?"

Now there's no reason why a counter-convention should be grin-and-bear-it. In fact, I enjoyed this third confabulation of journalists. Events were well-planned and pulled-off with skill. But the proceeding amounted to a festival, and it was this that gave me pause—the high, the light-hearted prevailing air. For a convention of hardnosed writers, this surely wasn't anything tough.

Could such a mood have prevailed in '68? in '72? Did it relate back to McLuhan's out-of-synch glee over Watergate? Was it that the Press—at large—and not a few courageous reporters and their courageous publisher—had busted Nixon? Because suddenly everyone was a sage, a prophet, a good guy. (The unmasking of Press-emasculating Tricky Dick acted as a laughing gas, an enbalming fluid for debate.) A self-congratulatory celebratory tone permeated the Hotel Roosevelt's Grand Ballroom on 45th and Madison. Even right-wing syndicated columnist, John Lofton, almost appeared hail-hearty-well-met on a panel with Anthony Lewis and Daniel Ellsberg. It wasn't until Helen Thomas—White House correspondent whom Martha Mitchell took as confidant—told Lofton, in effect, to go to hell for holding out so long on his anti-Nixon position, that some fire flared on the pulpit-like stage.

You'd think that every journalist alive and well had and/or would have had the guts to pursue and/or break the Watergate affair. Yet where were they then and why didn't they—then?

This was not the kind of forum one would get from novelists-turned journalists who put themselves on the line like Mailer and Capote. They wouldn't let a panel become a paridigm of the Presidential press conference with its pat, preconceived and unchallenged opening statements, with the obligatory question-and-answer format. True, one occasionally witnessed a shrug on stage, a nudge, a sneer, a guffaw, a bristling at a colleague's remark. Tony Lucas, an editor of [*MORE*], raised the crucial issue: shouldn't a reporter risk being a fool? Surely this is the question dear to Mailer's heart, and fundamental to the identity of any sincere and serious writer—novelist, journalist, whatever. Yet it remained ungrappled with and sungly, safely at bay.

Still, there were substantive highs. Mike Wallace led a panel on Press and the Presidency with delicious, mischievous, goading wit. He also laid down the gauntlet to all those journalists out there (in the audience) to do a Watergate explosion on McNamara and his silent vigil over the LBJ-Vietnam era. Seymour Hersh spoke forthrightly about the Pentagon paper reporting lag, and Dan Ellsberg reiterated

memorably the hassle-of-conscience over his own role in the matter. Paul Jacobs had some hilarious words to say on the Jewish bias in the press. And someone in the audience called Morton Halperin—former Kissinger aide—to task: "Tell us, Morton, what's the real story—we have a right to know!" At which point Morton relit his pipe and mumbled something about not feeling it incumbent upon himself to. . . .

On the subject of violence, Chris Borgen admirably related a hair-raising story about the time a TV camera crew, headed by Gabe Pressman, trailed behind a pay-off car and the car was spotted and the victim killed. Then somebody said, "This is the era of kidnapping and journalists have to define what kidnapping reportage is all about." Only nobody picked up on either Borgen's story or its implication—let alone attempted to redefine what kidnapping reportage was all about. . . .

They did not deal with the complexity—at this "point in time"—of where the press should and could be with regard to SLA and Patricia Hearst. Or what the risks and ethics should be. Or the seduction of power. Or the seduction of sentimentality towards one's subject matter. Or the fear/laziness of doing more than the perfunctory story—front page or back. Or how far to go in getting facts, man. Or, the responsibility to one's sources/to one's editor/to the people/to the court that's ready and eager to lay a subpoena on you.

Maybe the reason Mailer and Capote feel so uneasy about their relationship to journalism is precisely because of the absence of controversy and risk within the ranks. Maybe that's why Mailer turned back to novel-writing and why Capote can be seen on TV advertising the *Daily News* and its picture which equals a thousand words.

Because where is this silent press? Can the silence cynically be summed up by the panelist who good-humoredly related the parting words of his own editor: "Don't say anything newsworthy!"

And if that's the point, then is journalism still the simple business of material-gathering? Is it still the dull, flat, city desk, old endeavor: the five/W's—when, where, why, what, who? Surely Tom Wolfe's gloss is no alternative to the guts of the issues, but at least he attacks old journalists for playing the safety game, for maintaining objective, close-to-the-belt postures.

Which reminds me of the story I once heard—and it may be apocryphal—that there actually exists, somewhere in West Germany a resort where spies go to unwind, spill their beans, and get a fresh start before they set out on their next mission impossible. Maybe such a resort is needed for journalists. It certainly doesn't look like they're willing to come out and dig in and thresh out in the open—not journalists. *counter*-convention is the acid test.

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THE WORLDS OF HARRY TRUMAN

KENNETH S. DAVIS

Plain Speaking: An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman

MERLE MILLER

Putnam, $8.95

Beyond The New Deal: Harry S. Truman and American Liberalism

ALONZO L. HAMBY

Columbia University Press, $12.95

Seldom are two books issued simultaneously and independently which more perfectly complement and supplement one another than those here reviewed.

Plain Speaking, as everyone must know by now, is of the "oral biography" genre pioneered by Studs Terkel and, like Terkel's work, is an offshoot of electronic media journalism. Its genesis was a series of filmed and taped interviews of Harry S. Truman and several of the friends, notably the late Dean Acheson, conducted in 1961-1962 by Merle Miller and intended as raw material for a series of broadcasts over a national television network. No network would buy the series, however (one suspects the TV moguls may have deemed Truman's expressed views "too controversial" for popular or commercial sponsors' consumption); and though this fact was financially embarrassing to David Susskind, producer of the show, and personally so to Miller, who grew to love his interviews—though it was also an implicit humiliation of a former President of the United States—it was fortunate for the reading public. Truman's plain speech would certainly have been drastically edited before being broadcast; and had such broadcast been made, Miller would probably not have shaped of the material at hand the fascinating. historically valuable document he has now given us.

Miller's method has been to let Truman and Truman's friends speak for themselves; he states his questions in italics and reports the answers in verbatim quotes, with a minimum of expository and interpretative writing of his own. This minimum, expertly done (indeed, the whole book is carpentered with exquisite skill), shows Miller to be a wholly uncritical, even adulatory admirer of his subject. But it does this so emphatically that its excesses are readily discounted by any reasonably well-informed reader. And such readers will certainly understand why Miller feels as he does about "old Harry," whose "memory . . . has never been brighter than it is now, a time when menacing, shadowy men are everywhere among us."

What we have here, then, is primary source material of the greatest historical importance which is also, as seldom happens, fun to read. We have, further, a biography that is, considering the way of its making, remarkably solid and complete. Truman emerges for us, early in the book, out of small-town mid-America and from a family whose Democratic political tradition was predominantly Southern (his mother seems to have remained an unreconstructed Rebel to the end of her days—a little boy who read all the time, was "blind as a bat" without glasses, played the piano hours each day, and, as he frankly told a child who questioned him in Miller's presence, "always ran . . . if there was any danger of getting into a fight." Truth to tell, said Truman the man of himself as a boy, "I was kind of a sissy."

But there was nothing sissified about Truman the man who stands before us self-revealed in this book. His published memoirs were, as Miller says, "dejuiced" by those who helped him write and edit them; here the "juice" is not only retained but also (inevitably) concentrated—its percentage of tart, biting acid increased—by Miller's selection process. No coward afraid to fight was the Harry Truman who placed upon the Oval Office desk his famous motto, "The Buck Stops Here" and then lived up to it in a series of the toughest decisions any President has had to make: the decision to drop the bomb (he insists he had no trouble making it and never had second thoughts about it), to aid European rehabilitation with the Marshall Plan; to proclaim and act upon the Truman Doctrine; to order the Berlin airlift; to back civil rights legislation in the face of Dixiecrat defection in a year when his reelection seemed impossible; to order troops into Korea; to fire Gen. MacArthur. He speaks of these decisions—tells in salty language of the remembered experience of making them—in some of the most valuable portions of this book. And as he does so we are reminded that he seemed to many of us at the time to be rather too ready to fight, or at least too inclined toward an impulsiveness grounded in irritable impatience, as he dealt with the Russians—a "seeming" which the young New Left revisionists, to whose criticisms Merle Miller appears to me unduly sensitive, have of course elevated to the status of doctrinal truth.

Certainly Truman viewed himself as a straight-from-the-shoulder "fella" who was also a "cantankerous cuss," tough and peppery, whom no lying crook or vicious bully could safely "monkey with." He was inordinately proud of his "decisiveness" and his freedom (he claims a total freedom) from post-decision anxieties and regrets. He was contemptuous and uncomprehending of men whose minds, more complex and deeply informed than his, were conse-

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quently "made up" with more difficulty and tentativeness. J. Robert Oppenheimer, for instance, who "turned into a crybaby"; and Adlai Stevenson, who had trouble deciding "whether he had to go the bathroom or not."

Such blunt crudities of expression, wherein harsh judgments are passed on famous figures of recent history, abound in this book. "Old Joe Kennedy is as big a crook as we've got anywhere in this country," said Harry Truman (John F. Kennedy was then in the White House), "and I don't like it that he bought his son the nomination for the Presidency." General MacArthur "was a dumb son of a bitch . . . but that's not against the law for generals. If it was, half to three-quarters of them would be in jail." Richard M. Nixon "is a shifty-eyed goddam liar . . . [and] I can't see how the son of a bitch even carried one state [in 1960]." Of Henry Wallace, "I don't know . . . if you'd say he was a liar so much as that he didn't know the difference between the truth and a lie." As for "the fella that succeeded me" in the White House, Truman loathed and despised him for moral cowardice, intellectual dishonesty, and lazy selfishness, joined to an overweening egotism and vanity. " . . . when Eisenhower let McCarthy get away with calling General Marshall a traitor, why that was one of the most shocking things in the history of this country. The trouble with Eisenhower . . . he's just a coward.'" He reiterated this sentiment again and again. General Marshall was Truman's great hero, closely followed by Dean Acheson.

Alonzo Hamby's *Beyond the New Deal: Harry S. Truman and American Liberalism* is a much less exciting reading experience than Merle Miller's book. Hamby writes for the most part a standard plodding professorial prose (he is associate professor of history at Ohio University), much of it a flat reporting of what liberal journals said of Truman and his Fair Deal at the time. When he essays interpretation, the strain placed upon his command of the language is sometimes more than it can bear. Thus he writes of the "progressives" that they were "on solid ground" when they "attacked some of the men around Truman" but that "there was more to their viewpoint than attacks. . . ." He says that Truman "tore into the Russians" when he talked to advisers in April, 1945.

All the same, this, too, is a valuable book, and its value is enhanced by being read in conjunction with the Miller work. For Hamby reminds us of things Truman had no wish to remember and which he consequently failed to mention in his conversations with Miller—of Truman's political cronyism with such as Harry Vaughan, who used his White House position to help friends who were having trouble with Government agencies and then accepted expensive gifts from those he helped; of the dubious character of oilman Ed Pauley whom Truman sought (in vain) to make Secretary of the Navy; of the uniformly low quality of Truman's Supreme Court appointees (Truman himself calls his appointment of Tom Clark "my biggest mistake. . . . He hasn't made one right decision that I can think of"); and of the numerous inconsistencies and even outright contradictions of Truman policies, especially during his first term. Moreover, the book, as James MacGregor Burns has said, "regains a perspective on the post-World War II period that we have lost in recent years, and will be indispensable to anyone who wishes to rethink—and re-fight—the philosophical assumptions and political strategies of the period."

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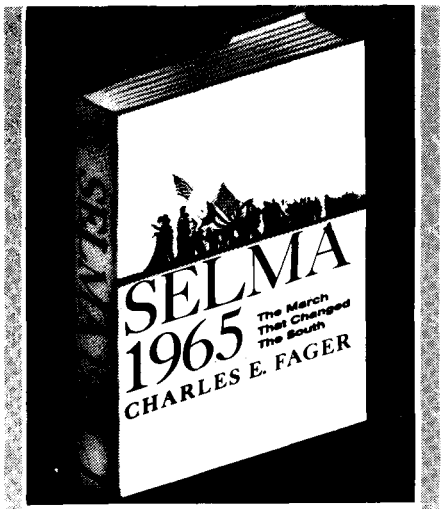
REVIEWERS

KENNETH S. DAVIS, author of *FDR: The Beckoning of Destiny* (Putnam's), is now at work on the second volume of his Roosevelt project, to be entitled *FDR: The Years of Destiny*.

WALTER M. MILLER, JR., is the author of *A Canticle for Leibowitz*, and is currently working on a novel about a guerrilla chief and a goddess who happens to be a horse.

ELLIOTT WRIGHT is on the staff of Religious News Service.



"Compellingly detailed inside story—the first that really zeroes in on the scene..."

Fager, himself an activist at Selma, re-creates the developing scene with a good reporter's objectivity and fairness. He describes the 'miracle' of new hope among disenfranchised blacks in Alabama's Black Belt with a power that is not diminished by his honest portrayal of the issues—and the leaders both black and white—in terms of human frailty." **—Publishers Weekly**

"Fager's careful retrospective is clear, cool and welcome... responsible and invigorating." **—The Kirkus Reviews**

"Fager does an important service in recapturing what will be lost in the history textbooks—the dramatic detail of one place, one time, in one of the great human movements in American history." **—Howard Zinn, Boston University**

SELMA 1965
THE MARCH THAT CHANGED THE SOUTH
by Charles E. Fager
12 pages of photographs. $7.95
SCRIBNERS

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Truman comes out well in Hamby's final summation of the uneasy relationship between the Fair Deal and "liberalism." The author's bold use of the latter term is justified, I think, by his definition of it as "not . . . a set of programs but . . . a persuasion built around a belief in human reason and dignity . . . a shared . . . commitment to freedom, equal justice, and equal opportunity) Writes Hamby in his closing paragraph: "Thrown into partnership by a whim of history, Truman and the liberals coexisted . . . in a manner which reinforced each other's tendency toward increasingly advanced progressivism. . . . The subtle creative tension which characterized their relationship was a healthy one."

The Last Western

THOMAS S. KLISE

Argus Communications, $8.95

WALTER A. MILLER, JR.

Down at the core of being, we are still vexed by the wound which the separation of opposites has left behind. Man is beast, but man is spirit. At the dawn of consciousness, he saw himself dimly as the son-daughter of the father sky spirit and the mother earth beast, but our civilization commands a separation, rather than a marriage, of the spirit and the beast. Some of us struggle to become pure spirit, others pure beast. And yet to be whole, a man must find the courage to face the unwanted side of his own nature, the side that is shameful and frightening to him, and the courage finally to court this shameful side, and embrace it, and marry it, and become whole again. And in that wholeness, that unity, stirs the divine child.

Willie comes to us already whole, in the image of that child. *Four* is the number of wholeness. Willie's grandparents came from the four corners of the world and the four races of man. His intellect seems dim because it is still united with the rest of his being, and it is therefore restrained by the warm beast, without guile, and immune to the bullshit of educators. At the age of four he climbs a ladder and gives a drink to a plaster Jesus on the cross. His father, a migrant fruit picker, is killed in an accident.

> Willie knelt by the grave and put his hand on the place where they had lowered his father's body into the soil.
>
> Then he sang the song his father loved:
>
> You've got a lot to live,
>
> And Pepsi's got a lot to give.
>
> The song whispered across the sand like a sad sigh and then was lost in the constant mourning of the wind.

The loss of the father forces the mother into prostitution, and Willie grows up in ghetto poverty, but with a great pitching arm and a talent as a peacemaker. His fast ball with its upward breaking curve seems a preternatural gift, like the fast draw of a western hero; no other man can be taught to throw it. The ability to strike out twenty-seven batters in a row, time after time, earns Willie the flashiest career in the history of baseball. But not for long. The girl he forgot to love with words is killed in a ghetto riot. Willie turns peacemaker and eventually priest. He stops riots, even revolutions. And here we have the Western archetype: the lone hero, the hired gun of peace, whose only weapon is the love of the dead Carolyn and a preternatural gift, walking alone to meet his destiny and solve the problems of the world at some ghetto equivalent of an OK Corral. Rioters respond to him, as to no other man.

His talent as pacifier is of course useful to state and to Church, and he is used by our institutions with predictable unfeeling cruelty. His usefulness results in his rise to the episcopacy, the cardinalate, and finally, in a moment of miracle-inspired madness, a conclave elects him pope. The short sad pontificate of Pope Willie I rehearses that of the old hermit Pietro Murrone (Pope St. Peter Celestin V) who was dragged down from his mountain in 1294 A.D. by cardinals of a deadlocked conclave and crowned pontiff, bringing with him into the curia advisers from his own rag-tag order of religious irregulars, hermits from the Abruzzi mountains. Pope Willie brings in the Silent Servants of the Used, Abused, and Utterly Screwed-Up to assist him instead of the cardinals in matters of high policy, and especially in the matter of bringing immediate peace and justice to a used, abused, and utterly screwed-up human race.

There is to be a day of universal love and forgiveness.

The end is inevitable.

Willie's defeat is brought about not by the ancient institutions of Western civilization, but by that venerated schism deep in the heart of western man, that Manichean split between the spirit and the beast. The schism, perhaps, is nurtured, because it produces men who are easy to govern and exploit: *Divide et impera,* applied to the soul. Western civilization (which has supplanted every other civilization on Earth) lives and dies not in its institutions but in the hearts and minds of men; no institutional power, not even institutional power exercised by a whole man, by an uncarved block such as Willie, can heal by the remarriage of spirit to matter that greatest schism of the west.

There is a one-sided, spirit-dominated man named Grayson in the book, and he speaks in strange tongues; old Benjamin exorcises him of this "holy spirit" in the following words: "I command you in the name of man to be man . . . Man cannot be anything but man."

But of course the exorcism is only briefly effective, and man will do anything to be more or less than man.

Thomas S. Klise, whoever you are, you have written more than a novel. You have written a revolution, and I say to you "Right on, brother, right on!" Not since the first time I read *Moby Dick* have I so enjoyed an American novel. My son and I read parts of it to each other, and like *Moby Dick* it reads well aloud—the best test of good prose. The characterizations are brilliant, even the minor ones (as were Melville's):

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There is the mad Mr. Pitt with hooks for hands who carries his Purple Heart in his shirt pocket to show the children as "proof positive" about his hands, lest anyone think they had scandalized him. One day he is found dead, with blood on the hooks and his eyes torn out.

Then there is Archbishop Looshagger of the terrible memory, who steals bicycles and cars, and is forever quoting a strange Scripture. ("Those who perish by the sword will reap the wages of death, which are sin.")

I admit that there have been a few American novels worth reading between the time of *Moby Dick* and the time of *The Last Western,* but I can't remember a single one that attempts as much and accomplishes as much. This may be a turning point in American literature, if it is not the final climax.

Temptations of Religion

CHARLES DAVIS

Harper & Row, $4.95

ELLIOTT WRIGHT

What happens to a Vatican II adviser who quits the priesthood, marries and for a few seasons is a press celebrity as he explains his disgust with the Church and offers reform ideas? If the man is Charles Davis, he continues his profession: theology.

Today, nearly eight years after he renounced his ordination, the Britisher teaches religion in Montreal. The frenzy over his departure has faded. Reporters have other darlings. But Davis, as *Temptations of Religion* proves, is a consummate theologian, masterfully blending research data, experience and expectation in a commentary on humanity's search for God. That is precisely what the best theologians do.

Developed from a series of talks on the BBC, the four essays in the new book bring into clear focus some of the man-made barriers to the religious quest. Davis defines religion as "the drive toward transcendence, the thrust of man out of and beyond himself, out of and beyond the limited order under which he lives, in an attempt to open himself to the totality of existence and reach unlimited reality and ultimate value."

In the late 1960s, the author was in a mood both creative and bombastic. Impatient, angry that Vatican II renewal was moving at a slow pace, he sounded like a modern-day Amos. His scenario called for Roman Catholic rebellion against the "corrupt" structures of a rigid, remote and arrogant Church concerned chiefly about institutional security.

Davis has not recanted. He is, however, less apocalyptic, gentler in *Temptations of Religion,* where a major purpose is to understand why religious institutions are conservative, defensive and irritable. By putting the question in a religious and sociological context larger than institutional Catholicism, he reduces the strident tone of his critique at the same time that he buttresses his case against the Church.

Religion, virtually all religion, Davis says, is plagued by temptations. The temptations are four: lust for certitude, cosmic vanity, the pride of history and the anger of morality, the last being hostility intended to protect patterns of ritual, ethics and doctrines for their own sakes. In 89 artful pages, Cardinal Heenan's former *peritus* describes how and why these temptations corrupt religion.

Lust for certitude intensifies, according to Davis, as a form of faith loses "the massive social confirmation required to make its content part of taken-for-granted reality." Papal infallibility and biblical fundamentalism are examples he cites of attempts to ward off attack and erosion of authority. Systems of certitude, he maintains, are self-defeating because they interfere with faith, as trust, openness to mystery and self-forgetting love.

The vanity of universalizing a cosmology from a past culture hinders religion in working for a new social order or in relating to persons in a world where divinely established institutions, immutable natural laws and unchanging dogmas are quaint. Pride of history offers in place of faith "some humanly conceived plan of total history as saving . . . knowledge." Anger of morality turns ritual into ritualism, ethics into legalism and doctrine into dogmatism.

An obvious appeal of *Temptations of Religion* is for recognition of the relative in Christian practice and

On Love:

"Love is the passion that burns and destroys everything; the action that creates and saves everything."

On Silence:

"Be silent much in order to have something to say worth hearing. But again be silent to hear yourself."

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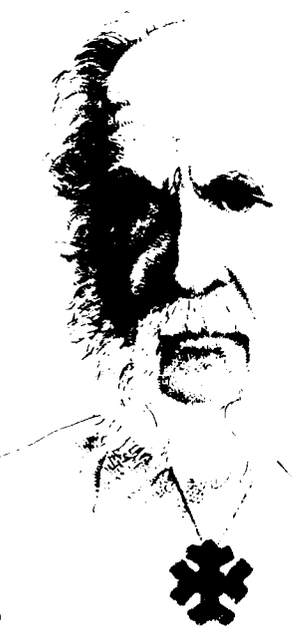

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thought. Yet Davis avoids both a dogma of novelty or the baptizing of any fad. He takes the symbols, doctrines and even institutions of Christianity seriously without assigning ultimate significance to particulars.

The Christian tradition, the theologian says, mediates for him an "experience of transcendent reality" and opens a level of consciousness he knows is "valuable and liberating." Still, the tradition raises questions and doubts for which there are only tentative answers. The spirit of Kierkegaard does bode in the book.

Much of the material is not original. Davis is dependent on others, notably Brian Tierney, for historical data challenging papal infallibility. His sociological framework borrows heavily from Peter Berger and Thomas Luckman, and Mircea Eliade is the source for views on the human origin of social orders.

Seldom, however, has so much well digested scholarship and fresh insight been combined in such a cogent form. The book is brilliant, humane and vibrant with faith. Any who let Davis' rejection of clerical vows stand in the way of receiving his witness have fallen prey to the temptations of religion.

All persons involved in the Western religious enterprise should read and ponder *Temptations of Religion*. Those who refuse to deal with Davis' arguments—and the one way to deal with arguments is to intelligently refute them—should consider quitting religion.

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

was an absurd relic of man's barbaric and disorderly past . . . it destroyed what women made." Women experience war as community destroyed.

A survey of policewomen funded by the Ford Foundation shows them less aggressive than their male counterparts by half. "Adding women to the police force," says the report, "may stimulate increased attention to ways of avoiding violence and cooling violent situations without the resort to use of force."

Still another survey found that women think we are in a recession while men do not—surely a fundamental difference in the perception of reality. Finally, the National Council of Senior Citizens reports that Congresswomen are significantly more responsive to the legislative needs of senior citizens than are Congressmen. As women "get it together," as they become more sure of what is humane in this confused time, they may lead their male colleagues once again out of social anarchy into community.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 323)

desire of a religious order not to look ridiculous, but to rebuke Father McLaughlin by invoking the vow of poverty? Who would ever have suspected the Jesuits might go that far?

The Free Father McLaughlin Committee expects to receive support from all who protested the exiling of Daniel Berrigan to Latin America several years ago. Messages of support can be sent to 325 West 93rd Street, Apt. 34, NYC, 10025.

Not since Kim Agnew was forbidden to march in a peace demonstration has there been a personal liberties case of equal weight. PETER STEINFELS

SHEILA BROWN

P.S.—We hope to issue in the future "Free Father McLaughlin" T-shirts.

Leicester, Mass.

To the Editors: Reference is made to Gordon C. Zahn's article, "Religion and Politics in Germany" [22 Feb.], and Alfons Beil's commentary letter of 17 May.

I agree with these gentlemen that so-called "Christian" political parties in Germany and elsewhere have degraded the Church and all Catholics, and belong only in nineteenth century Bavaria, if at all. However well intentioned, both men display an unfortunately distorted perspective of history in their unqualified condemnation of the Zentrum for its part in Reichstag adoption of the *Ermaechtigungsgesetz* of 23 March 1933 which gave Hitler broad emergency powers.

First, underlying almost every political judgment during the waning years of the Weimar Republic, are two environmental factors: The Communists, both domestic and Russian, haunted the bourgeois mind of responsible Germany; while the Nazis represented to these normally stolid people an intriguing combination of South German *voelkisch* thuggery and Prussian Junkerism.

Secondly, Berlin at this time was pervaded by an atmosphere of nascent horror. The Reichstag building had burned on 27 February 1933. The Gestapo was making wholesale arrests. Rumors of various Communist actions filtered out of the proletarian sections of Berlin to the north and east. The Berlin police, under the Nazi *Polizeipraesident*, Wolf Graf von Helldorf, amplified these rumors, and reinforced by their mounting presence on Berlin streets the impression in troubled minds of impending revolution. In short, to Berliners and Reichstag deputies alike, the frat-

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ricidal times of the Spartacusbund and the Frei Korps were returning.

Thirdly, the Zentrum was not the only nor the first of the Nazi's non-Communist political opponents to agree to extraordinary powers for Hitler. In the political processes of the Reichstag as the crisis mounted in German minds, the Zentrum was *forced* to this fateful decision only under the strongest pressure. See Erich Matthias, "Die Sitzung der Reichstagsfraktion des Zentrums am 23. Maerz 1933," in *Vierteljahrshefte fuer Zeitgeschichte*, Vol. IV, Nr. 3, 1956.

T. R. SNYDER, JR.
Leicester Junior College

Vietnam's 'Peace'

Bayfield, Wisc.

To the Editors: I have just finished reading your March 15th issue on Vietnam. In view of the fact that we have a son, Capt. Paul S. Gee 094720, who is among the 1200 MIAs still unaccounted for in Southeast Asia you can understand my special interest in this subject. I wish this particular issue could be read by every American who would like to restore a real sense of dignity to the word *patriotism*.

In view of the fact that we are still pouring over 2 billion dollars a year into the corrupt government of South Vietnam, and are continuing to keep thousands of our men in that area in civilian clothes to help support their military plans, does anyone really think that the other side is going to release any information about the MIAs?

The League of Families for the POW/MIAs seems to have reached a dead-end. What can *Commonweal* and any or all journalistic sources do to really publicize this matter of great concern to all of the relatives of these men?

For over six years my wife and I have been in a state of daily agony, as have thousands of other people. Would to God that the whole nation could suffer with us until this problem is solved! Please, please do all that you can.

(REV.) GARTH G. GEE

Affirmative Action

New Brunswick, N.J.

To the Editors: In reading Michael Novak's assault upon "affirmative action" [Apr. 5] I paused to consider asking how a person could espouse such confused and contorted reasoning and have it pass for argument. Michael Novak would have us accept what he holds as given and then let the argument be joined; from such a perspective he fashions a convincing, though egregiously constructed, polemic. However, he does not address, or even ask, let alone suggest, what lies at the root of affirmative action policies.

Michael Novak would have us believe that affirmative action programs are remedial efforts to integrate "a meritocratic system of advancement in the professions." Michael's instincts and judgment, he tells us, have come together in a deep revulsion against "preferences for anybody." But Michael misses the point: affirmative action policies are not "preferences" or quotas, indeed they are an agency in the service of "meritocracy." As hard as it is for Michael to see, it is plainly apparent that his "meritocratic system of advancement," his new American dream, is pure myth. Come off it, Michael, we live in a society that is not democratic, not meritocratic; if one is white, male, articulate, given to fawning, one can more easily get by. Indeed, within such a grouping of individuals there may be an internally operative meritocratic system of advancement. But for those who are confined by class lines, racial or ethnic identities, let us not forget as Michael so conveniently did in his article, sexist practices, there is no meritocratic system, there are no conduits to status, power or respect actually based upon Michael's dream.

I wonder if the word oppression is included in Michael's working vocabulary. Maybe its sometime glib use over the last decade has made it too rhetorical now. Nevertheless, let us recognize systematically oppressive social relations when they exist in our society. Michael's talk about "it is up to us to crack this system, and to alter it in its depths" is quaint and pathetic. He's talking about the old bootstraps routine, not the fomenting of social policies. For affirmative action policy has been effected to crack this system, to alter it in its depths, to orchestrate and insure a true "meritocratic system of advancement" rather than one based on class privilege, cultural centrism, ethnic and racial preferences and fraternity. (It must be noted that fraternity functions within those other spheres to further skew the system of advancement, decision and power: that is, it is blatant androcentrism to talk about discrimination against "minorities and women" as if the former discriminated class was not also composed of women along with men.)

Lastly, let me say that I doubt Michael can legitimately speak for those he claims to represent. When he says, for Slavic and Italian Americans, "we do not need 'affirmative action' . . . and neither . . . do Blacks, Latinos,

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or Indians," he, it must be remembered, is speaking from inside the system. . . . And what he says fits in mightily fine therein. Indeed, it is almost sickening to hear him call affirmative action "patronizing help" when affirmative action has in reality been a mechanism to insure justice, to correct a system *not* based on merit, and to make certain that merit advancement is a reality in our society.

Let me end by saying that nothing is so "demeaning and contemptible," as Novak would have it, as falsely placing responsibility: in his world the poor are poor of their own accord, the rich are benevolent. Pointing to discrimination, in his world, is just "an admission of cultural inferiority." Michael wants those who are "still 'outside' the national culture" to strive to be better at what they do; curiously, he identifies with the outcast for he uses the editorial "we." But when he tells us all this, and that "those who speak as victims do not speak as equals," we must wonder if he is intentionally missing his own point: for might we not ask what are the forces that continue to perpetuate this victimization and inequality of which he speaks. And what can be done in terms of social policy and agitation to effectively correct institutional racism, sexism and ethnic barriers? One thing that has been done, that has been achieved by those who are indeed "outside" the national culture, has been the promulgation of affirmative action rulings, policies and decisions. And this is one thing that should not be discarded.

Perhaps, Novak is afraid that those who have fought from "outside" the national culture don't only want to get inside, but that they want to *really* "alter it in its depths." For this is what affirmative action is doing: it is cracking the myths that have kept the poor powerless, that have perpetuated self-hatred among the oppressed groups of our society; it is saying that there are and that there have been elitist, sexist, racist practices governing people's lives, keeping them in the places that Michael's bosses have made for them.

Affirmative action *is* the result of "being better at politics," it *is* the policy effected by those who refuse to be continually victimized and by those who have recognized invidious discrimination when they have experienced it. Michael, can't you see that people won't close their eyes any longer to truths they experience, that people are refusing to accept the lies fabricated by ruling elites, that people are demanding their rights and the power to enforce those rights: or is *that* which scares and threatens you and forces upon you the rise to a contorted polemic that makes you not an ally, but an enemy or adversary, of the struggle for justice in these United States?

It is sad to see the decline of a keen mind into the muck that Orwell warned of when he talked of the politics of language; it is even sadder to see those words being honed so egregiously and in the service of a logic that proceeds from the heart of Corporate America, from the heart of a power structure that would have us blame ourselves for our condition when that condition has so often been a functional, direct result of ruthless and deliberate economic, social and political decisions made by those like your present benefactors. Affirmative action is no revolutionary policy, but it is a small reform that matters materially and concretely to the lives of those heretofore excluded from equal treatment in this supposed meritocracy. GARY MITCHELL

What and Why

With its own correspondents in various key centers and contributors from many countries, *Commonweal* keeps its subscribers in touch with significant world happenings. This June 14 issue exemplifies our sort of coverage and the magazine's unique point of view.

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Tailspinning

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: We couldn't help reading Ray Schroth's review of our book *Intellectual Skywriting* [May 10] with some morose delectation. While we took direct pleasure in his licit comments, we feel he missed the point of our history of the *New York Review* in part for all.

Without a trace of mental reservation Schroth accuses us of trivializing *NYR* by personalizing its operation. Instead of treating the hypostatic union

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of personality and ideas at play in that distinguished journal, our critic suggests we should have stuck to its platonic forms.

Our mind flies to Schroth's vincible description of *NYR* as "a body of thought independent of the lives of its writers." Although he supposes this disembodied characterization conforms to the Review's self-image, he accepts it unambiguously. We are surprised that a sophisticated man of letters like the associate editor of *Commonweal* could assent to such rubbish.

No thought exists independent of the life of the thinker. Does *Commonweal* exist independent of O'Gara's Catholic Worker youth, Deedy's splendid war record in the Mexican Gulf theater, Schroth's own Jesuit calling and Novak's Slavic roots?

On the contrary. Therefore, we deny Schroth's review.

By the way, we did not study theology at Louvain as alleged. (We weren't even a virgin in graduate school.) Our active theological vocabulary, so despised by Schroth, stems rather from an unabashed admiration of the Fathers. Though I am in the world, I am not of it.

In closing, if *Commonweal* really wanted an indefectible review, why didn't it ask me?

PHILIP NOBILE

A Crucial Point

Pomona, Calif.

To the Editors: In their article, "Abortion and Moral Consistency" [Mar. 22], Edelstein *et al* present striking evidence linking opposition to legalized abortion with lack of concern for other pro-life issues on the part of state legislators in Pennsylvania. They conclude that, ". . . there would seem to be a serious inconsistency in the attitudes of many anti-abortion legislators, *probably similar to that of the anti-abortion constituency at large,* between the 'right to life' before and after birth" (emphasis added).

This extrapolation from their findings raises a crucial point that deserves direct evaluation. To this end, I have tried to replicate Edelstein *et al*'s analysis as closely as possible using data from the National Opinion Research Center's 1973 General Social Survey, which is distributed to member institutions through the Inter-University Consortium for Political Research. (I will be glad to send a more complete description of my results to anyone requesting it.)

The NORC study includes, among other things, six questions dealing with support for legalized abortion under varying circumstances, as well as questions on support for military spending, welfare spending, capital punishment, and the use of force by police. These provide at least rough surrogates for the variables used in the Pennsylvania study.

I did find that opposition to abortion tends to be associated with support for military expenditures. The relationship was, however, far less dramatic than the one found among Pennsylvania legislators. On the average, those opposing legalized abortion in the NORC study supported increased military expenditures at level about 5 percent higher than those supporting legalized abortion. On other issues, differences between pro- and anti-abortionists were even smaller, with the former very slightly less inclined to support use of force by police, but a bit more in favor of the death penalty and reduction of welfare expenditures.

In short, while analysis of grass-roots attitudes fails to show the consistency one would hope to find regarding pro-life issues, neither is there much evidence of the sort of gross inconsistency apparently found in the Pennsylvania legislature.

JOHN L. KOREY
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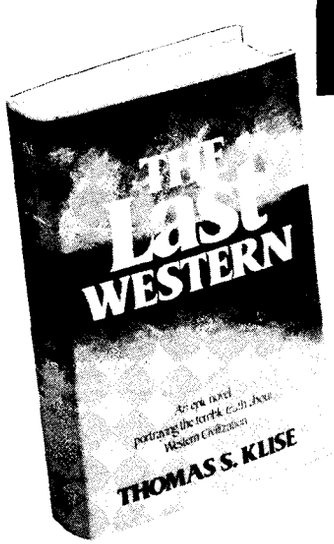

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